

PREMIER TACKLES DEMOBILISATION TROUBLE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,743.

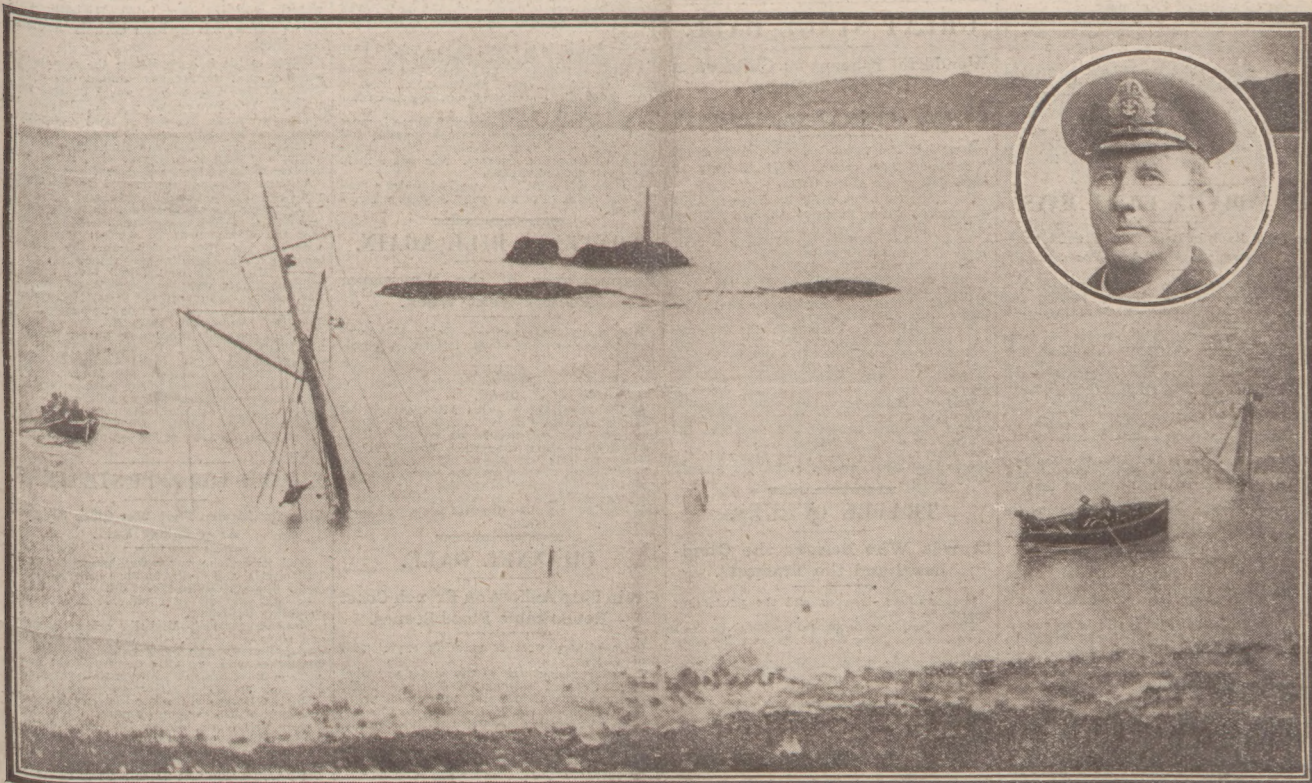
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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

AFTER THE WRECK OF IOLAIRE ON 'THE BEASTS OF HOLM'



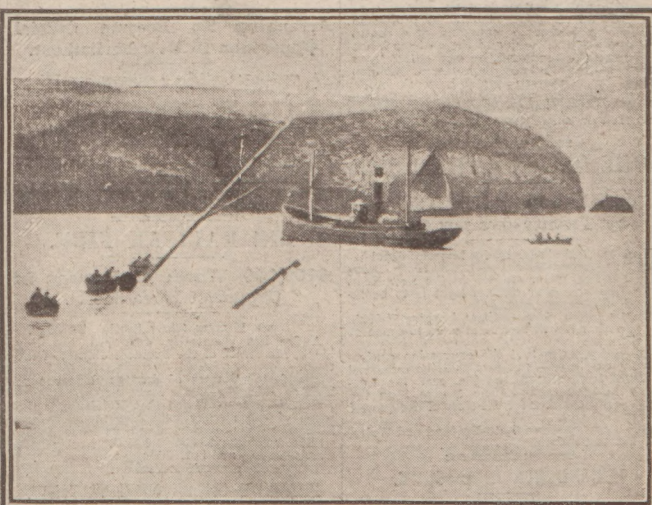
The mizzen-mast and stump of the main-mast of the Iolaire, with a ventilator just showing above the water between them. Beyond are the fatal "Beasts of Holm".

rocks, on which the yacht was battered to pieces by the waves. Inset: Late Commander Richard Gordon William Mason, R.D., R.N.R., who commanded Iolaire.



A shattered lifeboat from the wreck driven up on the rocky shore by the waves.

Where the ill-fated steam yacht Iolaire was driven on the rocks off Stornoway by the fury of a sudden storm and wrecked, with a loss of some 250 lives. The tragedy was painfully intensified by the fact that many of the men who perished were on the first



Boats on the scene of the disaster searching for the bodies of those who perished.

leave from naval service they had enjoyed for years, and that they went to their deaths when actually in sight of the lights of their home harbour. The whole island of Lewis has been plunged in mourning. — (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

FLYING WONDERS OF THE FUTURE

Sir F. H. Sykes Proposes
Weekly Service to India.

NEWSPAPERS BY AIR.

Trips Round the World in Airships:
Wonderful Aerial Lighthouses.

Flights round the world in airships, a weekly air service, and a continuous service between Britain and America were among the many romantic possibilities held out by Major-General Sir F. Sykes at the London Chamber of Commerce.

"Aviation," he said, "is now on the threshold of a new existence, and Great Britain has gained the foremost place both in technique and design."

A development which would be of the greatest use for enabling machines to fly in all weathers was the direction-finding wireless apparatus carried in aircraft for ascertaining the bearing of ground wireless transmitting stations.

Ground transmitting stations were, in fact, a form of aerial lighthouse or beacon unaffected by fog, with a range of "visibility" of 600 or 700 miles.

TO INDIA IN EIGHT DAYS.

Paris and Back in Less Than Five Hours—
Newspapers by Aeroplane.

"We are justified in looking forward to a weekly air-mail service between London and India. The whole journey will be accomplished in seven or eight days."

"The organisation will involve a large amount of labour. Twenty-five landing grounds will be necessary."

"Survey parties have already been sent out in connection with the 'All-Red Route' which it is hoped to open between Cairo and the Cape. There is no reason why business men should not be able, before long, to 'phone up an aeroplane and order a machine to take them to Paris or Brussels."

Two D.H.4 machines had already taken two members of the American Mission to Paris and back on the same day in the record time of 4h. 2m.

The Air Ministry was considering plans for services on short distance routes.

"Newspaper proprietors might easily find it advantageous to use high-speed aeroplanes for conveyance of copy, stereotypes, photographs, etc., between such centres as London, Paris, Glasgow and Dublin for use in the simultaneous publication of identical issues of their newspapers."

"The large rigid airship is still in an embryonic stage, but there is no reason why such ships should not be built capable of completing the circuit of the globe."

Some day it might be possible to run a continuous airship service between England and America.

DIED IN DUTY'S CAUSE.

Doctor Who Sacrificed His Life in
Anti-Poison Gas Experiments.

Captain Alexander Gemmell, D.Sc., Royal Engineers, belonging to Edinburgh, who has just died, was a martyr to duty.

He was an analytical chemist by profession. Following a year in command of a contingent appointed to command the anti-gas school in the Scottish command, he was in 1917 transferred to the anti-gas department, London, where he conducted research work under Colonel Harrison, who, recently, as in Captain Gemmell's case, succumbed as a result of experiments in atmosphere charged with poison gas.

MORE GAS FOR THE HOME.

Electricity Supply Also Increased
by Twenty-five per Cent.

More gas and electricity for householders! The Coal Controller announces that, dating from the first meter reading in the New Year, the ration of gas or electric light is to be increased by 25 per cent.

Thus a person who has been burning 15,000 ft. of gas a quarter will now be allowed to consume 18,750 ft.

The order states that the conversion equivalent for gas in terms of fuel shall be increased to 12,750 cubic feet to the ton, and for electricity to 1,000 units to the ton as from the meter readings taken for the close of the quarter ending December.

This order applies only to England and Wales, and not to Scotland.

LUDENDORFF IN DISGUISE.

The Stockholm paper, *Dagens Nyheter*, states as a certainty (says Reuter) that General Ludendorff is now in Sweden.

The paper says Ludendorff is reported to be staying at a country house near Hesselholm, in Scania, under the assumed name and title of "Finnish Secretary of Legation, Ernst Lindgroem."



Mr. W. Adamson, M.P. Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P.

Mr. William Adamson, M.P., and Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., elected chairman and vice-chairman of the Labour Party respectively.

GREAT STAGE BALL.

Wonderful Pageant for Children of
Blinded Soldiers.

4,000 DANCERS AT ALBERT HALL.

Everybody who is anybody in the theatrical profession will be present to-night at the great Stage Ball at the Albert Hall.

The ball is to be given by the Stage in order to help Sir Arthur Pearson's Blinded Soldiers' Children Fund, by which a grant of five shillings a week is made until the age of fifteen to every child of a blinded soldier or sailor.

All the theatres are sending characteristic groups, not always a group representing a play of the moment, but always a group representing the most famous play identified with famous players in a famous theatre.

Two of the chief characters in the evening's pageant will be portrayed by Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Miss Viola Tree. They will be Tragedy and Comedy, while Miss Clara Butt will appear as Britannia (with song), as the old playbills used to say.

Margaret Bannerman from the Vaudeville, Peggy Kurton from the St. Martin's and Teddie Gerard from the Comedy will lead into the Albert Hall troops of British beauty.

At least 4,000 dancers will be present in the Albert Hall this evening, and there may be many more.

TRAVEL QUEUES.

Crowds Who Besiege the Omnibuses and the Tramcars.

The omnibus, tramcar and the pantomime queues grow longer.

Thirty people were struggling for three seats in an omnibus going Westwards yesterday afternoon.

At five o'clock the dense crowds at Piccadilly are unmanageable. Surging crowds besiege the 53, 88 and 59 omnibuses.

"The crowds have become much worse during the last three days," a woman conductor said to *The Daily Mirror*. "There are the women who come from the suburbs to shop, the women and children who attend matinees, the demobilised men and women. Wounded soldiers and those with children get the worst of it. It is impossible to keep back the crowds."

LABOUR'S DECISION.

Arranging To Become Official
Opposition in New Parliament.

A conference of the Parliamentary Labour Party yesterday decided that the party should make the necessary arrangements to become the official Opposition.

Mr. W. Adamson was re-elected chairman of the party, and Mr. J. R. Clynes was appointed vice-chairman.

Mr. Lloyd George returned to Downing-street from Walton Heath yesterday. He had conversations with prominent parliamentarians regarding the construction of the new Cabinet.

BIG HALIFAX FIRE.

£100,000 Worth of Damage in
Capital of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX (Nova Scotia), Tuesday. A fire has practically destroyed the Roy block, the centre of the business district of the town.

The first estimates of damage done are as high as £100,000.—Reuter.

It will be remembered that Halifax was the scene of the terrible explosion in December, 1917, when a munition ship was in collision with a Belgian relief ship I.M.O. Nearly 2,000 lives were lost and half the city was wrecked.

BRAVERY ON BURNING WARSHIP.

For rescuing from the interior of H.M.S. Britannia a dying officer and a steward when the ship was on fire after being torpedoed and when smoke and cordite fumes endangered his life throughout his rescue work, Acting Lieutenant H. M. A. Day, R.M.L.I., has been awarded the Albert Medal.

CAP AND APRON BAN?

Servants Who Will Not Wear
"Prints" and Black.

MORE INDIVIDUALITY WANTED.

What is the real objection to domestic service?

Mistresses offer comfortable homes, separate bedrooms, late hours, extra help for the hard work, but only a few demobilised women have returned to domestic service. Is it the cap and apron?

A suggestion is made that girls will enter domestic service again if a prettily-designed uniform can be made.

"Women object to wearing standard dresses," a woman reader writes to *The Daily Mirror*. "Women resent wearing a morning 'print' of standard pattern to do their housework in. Why should they have to wear black in the afternoons?"

Many hundreds of letters on this subject have been received by *The Daily Mirror*. A Mistress writes: "The modern girl wants to keep her individuality. She does not want to wear standard prints in the morning and funeral black in the afternoon."

A House Parourant writes: "There is more work to do. A grievance with servants is that many mistresses want reforming. She expects too much from her servants. She makes them machines, not individuals."

Another girl said: "I've worked under a man for four years. I'm not going to work under a woman."

CONTENTS BILL AGAIN.

Reappearance of the Newspaper
Posters Next Week.

How many readers of *The Daily Mirror* remember the wording of our last contents bill? It was—

COUNT
ZEPPELIN
DEAD.

And what will the wording of the next one be? For the moment this is "wropt in mystery," but next week will decide, when they will be revived for the first time since March, 1917.

The year 1918 was a sad one for the men whose "brain waves" told the public in a few words the "big news" of the day.

It was a year of lost opportunities, opportunities that in a more peaceful world will never come their way again.

CHANNEL GALE.

Grain Ship Ashore on French Coast
—Remarkable Flood Scenes.

Extraordinary weather is being experienced everywhere.

The most violent gale of the winter prevailed in the Channel throughout Tuesday night, reaching a force of over sixty miles an hour. Dover Harbour tugs have crossed the Channel to help a large grain-laden steamer, the Merida, which is ashore on the French coast.

Floods in Essex.—Unprecedented scenes are being witnessed at Harlow, in the Essex, in consequence of the flooding of the river.

Thames Rising.—The Thames has continued to rise, and near Walton Bridge is now over the banks on both sides of the river.

Extending from Lower Earls, Reading, to Aldermaston, hundreds of acres of farmland are submerged owing to the flooding of the River Loddon.

Weather Forecast.—For England, S.E.: Fresh southerly winds; rain at times; faster intervals; temperature moderate or rather cold.

GIRL'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Land Worker Who Received the
Distinguished Service Bar.

Miss E. Nicholas, a land girl, eighteen, has received the Distinguished Service Bar. Her employer's leg was caught by the knife of a cutting machine. She tied up wound with handkerchief and boots. Her presence of mind, the doctor reports, her employer ran the risk of losing his life.



\$2 FINE FOR TWO "BLACK EYES."

David Davies, alleged at Marbury yesterday to have dislocated the nose of a youth named Arthur Fennell and given him two black eyes because he sported Sir Edgar Jones' colours after the declaration of the poll at Marbury, was fined £2 and ordered to pay a like amount to the complainant.

MUNITIONS DISASTER.

PARIS, Tuesday. An explosion at the Proteechnic School attached to the arsenal at Bourges this morning caused considerable destruction, and three men were killed.—Central News.

MILLIONAIRE PEER

DEAD FROM PNEUMONIA.

Sad Sequel to Marriage of
Lord Michelham's Heir.

HONEYMOON IN MOURNING.

Three days after the marriage of his son and heir, the Hon. H. A. Stern, to whose bride (Miss Beatrice Capel) he gave a wedding gift of £1,000,000, Lord Michelham died yesterday from pneumonia, aged sixty-eight.

The dead peer was a man of enormous wealth, and the new Lord Michelham is still a minor, having been born in September, 1899.

Owing to his father's illness the new peer's wedding on Saturday last (announced exclusively in *The Daily Mirror*) was celebrated very quietly. The honeymoon was being spent at Sherborne House, the seat of Lord Sherborne, when Lord Michelham passed away.

Herbert Stern, first Baron Michelham of Hellingly, was born at Brighton. His father was the late Baron Hermann de Stern.

A senior partner in the firm of Herbert Stern and Company, 33, Cornhill, E.C., and Paris, his interests were mainly financial. The firm, which was floated in 1904, is concerned with the flotation and management of foreign loans and American securities, and handles the London business of the Argentine Government.

Lord Michelham contributed close upon a million guineas towards the first War Loan, and was a strenuous supporter of Britain's war aims.

He was also a most generous supporter of war charities. Ambulance Train No. 14, which at the front conveyed 30,000 cases during the war, was financed by him. In addition he ran the officers' hostel at the Hotel Astoria in Paris, and a convalescent home at Cap Martin.

In 1905 he was raised to the peerage, and the following year was elected an Aristocrat of the London and County Council. He presented to the nation the Quadrage of Peace which adorns the top of Burton's Arch at the top of Constitution Hill.

£10,000 FOR ZEPPEL STRAFERS.

Gifts for Airmen That War Office Stopped
After Cuffley Raid.

Lord Michelham was a well-known figure in Turf circles, and is said to have collected some of the finest jewels in the world.

In 1898 the late peer married Miss Aimée Geraldine Bradshaw.

The Dowager Lady Michelham is a charming and popular hostess, who did excellent work during the late war, being twice mentioned in despatches, and receiving the Order of Merit and the Mons Star, in addition to the Medaille d'Or and the Legion d'Honneur.

She is the sister of the late Viscount Esmouth and aunt of the present viscount.

Lord Michelham, during the war, set up a fund of £10,000 to be awarded in sums of £1,000 to any British airman who shall succeed in destroying a Zeppelin while in the air.

The first winner was Captain Leefe Robinson, V.C., the Cuffley hero.

Subsequently the War Office forbade any further acceptance of Lord Michelham's offer.

CHARGE OF ABDUCTION.

Captain Committed for Trial—Girl
of 14 Gives Evidence.

Extraordinary evidence was given at Nottingham yesterday in the case in which George Bees Brokenshaw, an Army captain, aged forty-nine, married, who has been travelling inspector to the Ministry of Munitions, was committed for trial on a charge of abducting from the custody of her parents a girl named Kennedy just under fifteen and of taking her to his flat in Carlton-mansions, Maida Vale.

The girl alleged that it was at the solicitation of Brokenshaw that she went to London, where he kept her for several days until she was brought back by her father.

She denied that she had appealed to him for his help to get on the stage, or that she wrote to him to say she would sell her soul to see life. The suggestion of the defence was that the girl's story was entirely unworthy of credence. Brokenshaw was allowed bail.

NEWS ITEMS.

Committee Goes.—The necessity for rationing raw materials having disappeared, the Civil Industries Committee is to be disbanded.

The King and Queen have accepted copies of the "Canadian Record Office Bulletin" was souvenir number.

More Butter.—As from January 12 the combined butter-margarine ration will be increased from 5oz. to 6oz. in the proportion of 1oz. of butter and 5oz. of margarine.

Tennis Player's Suicide.—A verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was recorded yesterday on Miss Gwendoline E. Chayner, a potter's daughter, who had killed her husband by jumping in front of a train at South Kensington.

ARMY COUNCIL PLAN FOR FAIR DEMOBILISATION

No Leave from France Unless Men Undertake to Go Back—Just Selections.

PREMIER TAKING HAND IN THE PROBLEM.

General's Firm Action with Demonstrators.

Demobilisation protests by soldiers continued yesterday.

Mr. Lloyd George, however, is taking the demobilisation trouble in hand personally, and yesterday he had a conference with Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Milner and Sir Eric Geddes.

At Shoreham it was stated that General Sir William Robertson was at that moment in consultation with Lord Milner on the subject.

Officials of the Demobilisation Department of the Ministry of Labour went to France yesterday to deal with the cases of pivotal and slip men.

The Army Council announced last night that from a date to be fixed no officer or soldier will be granted leave from France except on the understanding that he returns to his unit at the end of his leave, and that during his leave he will not be demobilised under any pretext whatever.

It is pointed out that the demobilisation of all men on leave would be unfair to long-service men still overseas, and would not lead to the release of men most urgently required in the national interest. (See page 4.)

STRAIGHT TALK TO MEN.

General Warns Demonstrators: "We Might Lose the Peace."

WAR OFFICE, Tuesday Night. About 3.15 p.m. 10-day five or six lorries filled with soldiers from Kempton Park drove past the War Office. Apparently they subsequently left their lorries and assembled in the War Office Quadrangle.

Eventually Major-General G. Feilding, Commanding London District, addressed the men, reminding them that he was Officer Commanding the London District and responsible for the discipline of London.

They had come there with certain demands. Those demands he absolutely declined to consider where they were. If they had any grievances these would be brought forward at their own headquarters and to their own commanding officer. They must return to their headquarters.

He wished to remind them of one thing—that the war was still on; that we had only got a three months' armistice; that, although we had won the war, we might lose the peace.

After this the men walked quietly out, returned to their lorries and went away.

MANY DEMONSTRATIONS.

Passive Resistance at Grove Park—Aldershot March.

At Grove Park A.S.C. Depot the dissatisfaction yesterday took the form of passive resistance. There has been no further demonstration, but it is stated that the men are declining to do any duty.

Most of the 200 men at the camp are turners and fitters, and the workshops are deserted. Among demonstrations reported yesterday were:—

Shoreham.—The soldiers in camp wired the Premier demanding instant demobilisation. The weather stopped an arranged march to Worthing.

Bristol.—A hundred soldiers of the 12th Bedfordshire marched to Bristol Council House and appealed to the Lord Mayor to hasten their return to civil life.

The men had been transferred from Croydon to a labour battalion at Bristol.

Maidstone.—Men of the Queen's Gloucester and Wiltshire Regiments took part in a demobilisation demonstration at Maidstone yesterday, some hundreds proceeding to the town hall, where the mayor received a deputation.

Brighton.—At a meeting at Brighton it was decided that if the claims of the R.G.A. were not settled within two days they would abstain from military duties.

Aldershot.—Men of the Army Ordnance Corps, the Army Service Corps and Royal Engineers marched in hundreds to headquarters, and through a deputation laid their case before the general.

About 350 men belonging to a naval aerodrome at Farnley, in Essex, came out on parade yesterday and protested against ninety of their number being removed to other camps.

Eventually Colonel Ward gave the men one day's leave, enabling them to proceed to their homes and fetch any papers to prove that they had work to go to, and they would then be allowed to return home again and there await demobilisation.

BIG ARMY MUST BACK US AT PEACE CONFERENCE.

Reparation Can Be Enforced Only by Military Strength.

SELECTIVE RELEASES.

The situation created by the demonstrations which have arisen out of the discontent on the question of demobilisation is easier.

Within the past few days there has been a very remarkable speeding-up of machinery, and now that more light has been thrown on the principles underlying the scheme the vast body of level-headed opinion in the Army is hostile to any action that will tend to weaken the traditional discipline of the Army.

There has been a great deal of misconception as to the scheme of demobilisation.

It cannot be too strongly repeated that the present situation is not one of peace, but one of suspended hostilities.

The nation which for four years has endured and fought with such splendid determination in the cause of freedom has in the recent election shown an equal determination to exact due reparation in every way from the enemy.

The reparation cannot be enforced unless we are strong when we sit at the Peace Conference.

The process now being carried on is a partial demobilisation in which as many men from the Forces are released as possible, and those of a type and class such as will enable the industry of the nation to be resumed as quickly and efficiently as possible.

The second point to be considered is the system adopted to carry out this partial demobilisation. Possibly the simplest system in theory would have been the demobilisation by units.

SELECTED FOR THEIR VALUE.

This system has the grave drawback that men would not be returned to civil life as they are required and can be absorbed.

The system adopted is demobilisation by detachments or drafts of men specially selected for their value in preparing industry for the reception of the numbers which will be released when general demobilisation takes place.

It is the failure to differentiate between "pivotal" men (whose release will create work for others) and "slip" men (those with jobs waiting for them) that has caused a great deal of the confusion existing in the minds of the public. Many employers have applied for men as pivotal men when they are really only "slip."

Army in Russia Returning.—There is no truth whatever in the suggestion that an army is to be sent to Russia. There are only 15,000 British troops there, and they will be withdrawn as soon as possible.

Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Minister of Labour, speaking at the Central Hall, Westminster, yesterday, pointed out that as peace had not yet been concluded with the Central Powers the general demobilisation of the Forces had not yet begun.

MINESWEEPERS' TROUBLE.

ROSVYTH, Tuesday.

The announcement made by the Admiralty that a full and frank investigation is to be made under Admiral Jerram into the conditions of service in the Navy has for the present allayed resentment which had arisen among ratings and officers who have felt the increasing cost of living.

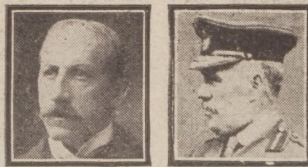
For more than a month trouble had existed among the auxiliary services, the crews drawn from the mercantile marine and trawlers, who have manned the numberless patrol and mine-sweeping craft, and last Friday at Granton the mine-sweeping base, an offer of a bonus of £2 per week was made.



Corporal J. B. Daykins, a soldier in uniform, who is one of the new V.O.s.



Sapper Adam Archibald, a soldier in uniform, who is one of the new V.O.s.



Sir W. Robertson. The Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces and the War Secretary were in consultation yesterday.

PRESIDENT WILSON BACK IN PARIS.

Shocked at the News of Death of Colonel Roosevelt.

PARIS, Tuesday.

President and Mrs. Wilson returned to Paris this morning, reaching the Lyons station at ten o'clock. In accordance with Mrs. Wilson's desire, his arrival was unmarked by any ceremony, and he and Mrs. Wilson drove direct to the Murat Palace.

M. Clemenceau also returned to Paris this morning.—Central News.

President Wilson, says a Central News Oyster Bay message, sent the following cable to Mrs. Roosevelt:—"Pray accept my heartfelt sympathy on the death of your distinguished husband, the news of which has shocked me very much."

WILL SEINE FLOODS "CUT OFF" PEACE PARLEY?

Problem of Rising Waters and the French Foreign Office.

The rising of the Seine, says a Reuter special message, is a popular topic of conversation in Paris.

The man in the street is wondering what would happen to the Peace Conference if the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay, where most of the meetings will be held were cut off from all Paris on the right bank of the stretch of water, rendering approach to the bridges impossible.

Yesterday morning's rise of the Seine was 20in., instead of 10in., as anticipated. A rise of 39in. is expected by Friday, says an Exchange message.

The Echo de Paris says the preliminary peace treaty will contain clauses accepting the principle of a League of Nations by the Entente, fixing the indemnity to be paid by Germany and establishing the new frontiers.—Central News.

The document which will be drawn up as the result of the conference of inter-Allied statesmen will be of a prefatory nature (says the *Echo de Paris*) and will contain a summary of the main lines of the definitive peace treaty which will be signed at Versailles after a delay of perhaps a year.

The preliminary Conference will probably last three months.

Towards the end of the second month the treaty will be submitted to the Entente Powers for signature. Their delegates will then have one month in which to refer to their Governments.—Reuter.

AUSTRIA A REPUBLIC?

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

The *Neues Wiener Journal* learns from Switzerland that President Wilson now holds the opinion that German Austria should be a Republic.

A final decision should be made on the vote of the people.—Central News.

BALTIC SQUADRON SAILS.

Admiral Sinclair's squadron has left Copenhagen on its return to England.—Reuter.



Major-General Fielding, G.O.C. London, who addressed the soldiers at Whitehall yesterday.



Mr. G. H. Roberts, Labour Minister, who spoke of Divisional Labour Ministry Council and demobilisation.

MYSTERY OF BERLIN'S "CIVIL WAR."

Story of 'Fierce Fighting' and Machine Guns.

SOVIET'S DECISION.

Much mystery still prevails as to what is going on in Germany.

Messages from Copenhagen tell of fierce fighting and of the German Government's decision to end the Spartacist agitation.

On the other hand, the Exchange says it learns in responsible quarters the reports in regard to the internal condition of Berlin are held to be exaggerated.

From reliable private sources (says the Central News correspondent at Copenhagen) it is learned that fierce street fighting is going on all over Berlin between the partisans of the Majority Socialists and the adherents of the Spartacus Group, the Communists and the Independents, who have joined forces.

Machining guns are being at every corner. Everything is in a state of anarchy and confusion, and many combatants on both sides have been killed and wounded.

The banks are strongly barricaded, business is at a standstill, and many hundreds of people have fled from the city in fear of their lives.

"A GENERAL STRIKE."

Nothing is known of the fate of the members of the Ebert Government, but sensational rumours are in circulation, and there seems great danger that Liebknecht and Eichenhorn will soon be masters of Berlin.

Forwaerts is now appearing as the organ of the revolutionary workmen under the title of *The Red Forwaerts*, and all other newspapers have been suppressed.

The Majority Socialists have published a summons for a general strike as a protest against the occupation of the offices of *Forwaerts* by the Spartacus Party.—Central News.

Radek and Joffe are still in the city, assisting Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg to foment the revolution, and, in spite of the Government's efforts, it has been impossible to expel them.

They are believed at present to be in the building of the Police Prefecture, this being the stronghold of the Spartacus group.

"READY FOR THE FRAY."

Both Sides Face One Another in the Wilhelmstrasse.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

A Berlin telegram received here via Frankfurt says:—

A council of war was held this morning in the Chancellor's palace, members of the Central Council of Workmen and Soldiers' Councils of Germany taking part.

The Government decided to use all available military forces in order to bring the Spartacist agitation to an end. Herr Noske was appointed commander-in-chief.

Government troops were brought in motor-cars to the centre of the city, and both sides face each other in the Wilhelmstrasse ready for the fray, with only 100 yards between them.—Reuter.

POST OFFICE NEUTRAL.

Fight in Street to Decide Who Should Have It.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

According to a Frankfurt telegram, the Berlin correspondent of the *Wagner Bureau* telegraphed on Sunday. This morning the *Wolff Bureau* was the scene of heavy fighting between the Spartacists and the Government troops, who made use of machine-guns, while the Spartacists threw hand grenades.

The Spartacists tried to occupy the Post Office, but were prevented by the Government guard. A discussion thereupon took place at which it was agreed that the Post Office should remain neutral and that the issue should be fought out in the street, the victorious side to occupy the Post Office.—Reuter.

A delayed Reuter Amsterdam telegram of Friday's date says it is reported on good authority from the German frontier that a number of important merchants and capitalists in Germany have received anonymous letters warning them to withdraw their money from the Reichsbank and other banks.

FRENCH "T.B." MINED.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

One of the vessels at present in the Black Sea under command of Vice-Admiral Ananoff, the *scourer torpedo-boat Henry*, was damaged by striking a mine on the morning of New Year's Day.

Three sailors were thrown into the sea by the explosion and disappeared. A fourth has died from his injuries.—Exchange.

"GO BACK" PLEDGE FOR LEAVE MEN.

New Demobilisation Order by Army Council.

YOUR RELEASE CLASS.

The Army Council, it was announced last night, has made the following arrangements in regard to demobilisation and conditions of leave:—

From a date to be fixed, and to be announced later, no officer or soldier will be permitted to proceed to England on leave from France except on the distinct understanding that he returns to his unit on the expiration of his leave and that he will not be demobilised, on any pretext whatever, during his period of leave.

Experience has shown this order to be necessary to ensure the maintenance of the Army of Occupation.

TO PREVENT UNFAIRNESS.

It has been found that in a high proportion of cases leave drafts from France now consist of men who have been overseas for six or nine months only, and the demobilisation of all men on leave would thus be unfair to long-service men still overseas.

Any man on leave may take steps to ensure that civil employment will be awaiting him when his turn for demobilisation arrives. He should make every effort to take back with him a definite promise of employment.

Officers and men who may now be on leave from France before the date by which they could have been acquainted with the new condition will be dealt with as follows:—

All men who have assured civil employment awaiting them, provided that they have been approved as demobilisers or pivotal men or have pre-war employment contracts from their employers, and those belonging to the industrial groups or classes opened for demobilisation and who can be spared from the Army will be demobilised.

If a man's warrant is marked "To return to his unit" leave will be extended until telegraphic inquiry has been sent to his unit in order to ascertain whether his return is essential. Instructions or extensions of leave can be obtained from any O.C. unit, depot or headquarters.

WHERE TO MAKE CLAIMS.

Claims for demobilisers and pivotal men and then for special release must be certified by the Ministry of Labour; pre-war employment contracts must be certified by the local industrial committee attached to the nearest Employment Exchange to the place of employment in the case of men, and by the appropriate district directorate of the Appointments Department, Ministry of Labour, in the case of officers.

The address may be obtained on inquiry at any Employment Exchange.

Men who have no definite employment awaiting them will return to France.

Other Expeditionary Forces.—All ranks, without restriction as to corps or arm of the Service, on leave in this country from Expeditionary Forces other than France, will be demobilised if they have definite employment awaiting them provided that they come within the industrial groups or classes which are open for demobilisation.

RELEASE GROUPS.

Classes and industrial groups now open for demobilisation throughout the forces at home and overseas are:—

Coalminers (Group 3), demobilisers, pivotal men, men specially recommended for release by the Ministry of Labour, men with certified offers of employment, "contract" men, ship men.

Men over forty-one years of age, who are qualified as under:—

(1) With completed normal engagements, including the additional year under Section 87 (1) Army Act; (2) posted under the Military Service (No. 2) Act, 1918; (3) voluntarily enlisted for the duration of the war and who were forty-one on April 18, 1918.

Officers and soldiers from hospitals, command depots and convalescent camps, after twenty-eight days in hospital.

The industrial groups open for making up drafts for demobilisation, if their is sufficient transport available after the above classes have been exhausted, and after in all cases 10 per cent chosen by length of service in the field have been included, are:—

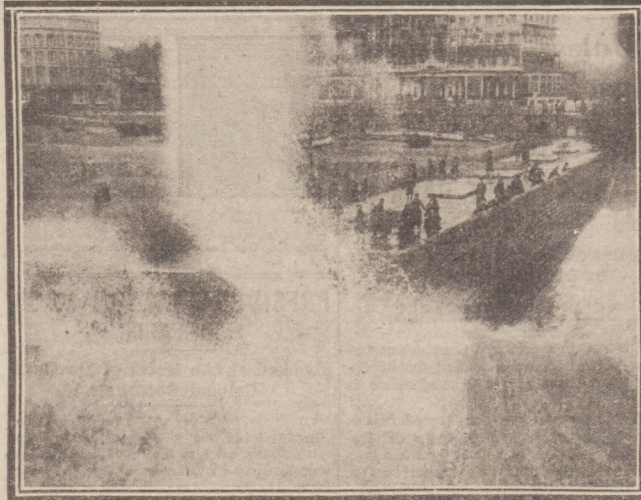
Agriculture (Group 1), seamen and fishermen (Group 2), paper, printing and bookbinding (Group 10), shipbuilding (Group 23), building trades and construction of works including navies (Group 30), carters, carmen, etc., of horse-drawn vehicles (Group 33), employees of public and local authorities and public utility companies (Group 35), students and teachers (Group 40).

Commands at Home.—Men serving in units at home must in all cases be sent for demobilisation from their units, and in no circumstances can a man on leave from a home unit be demobilised during his period of leave.

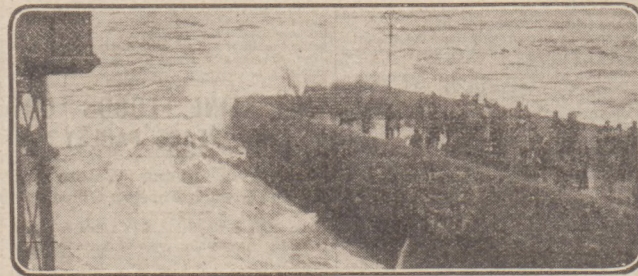
Air Force Conditions.—The Air Ministry announces that the dispersal of all personnel of the Royal Air Force will be carried out on the same general lines as the Army, except when conditions peculiar to the Royal Air Force require special treatment.

The main condition is that the personnel which it will be necessary to retain to safeguard the machines and equipment until the transportation of hostilities must consist of certain definite proportions of each of the technical trades peculiar to the R.A.F.

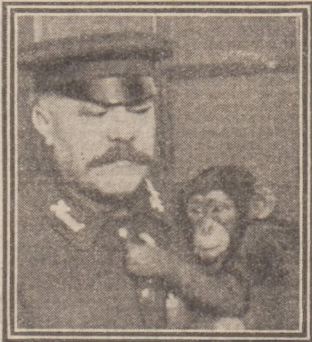
GREAT MARITIME EXCITEMENT AT BRIGHTON



A big splash at Brighton when the gale was at its height yesterday.—(Daily Mirror.)



A determined attack on the Brighton front made by the waves of the Channel. It was repulsed by the coast defences, with many others of a like kind.—(Daily Mirror.)



DEMOLISHED.—Maria, a female chimpanzee, saved from H.M.S. Britannia when it was torpedoed, and is now in the Zoo.



PEACE RATIONS.—"Dora" once again permits the pigeons of St. Paul's Cathedral to be fed with substances fit for human food.



FRENCH HONOUR.—Brig.-Gen. D. C. Draper, D.S.O., Quebec Regt., who has now been awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French President.



AT THE PRINCE'S.—Miss Maude Dunham, who is playing the heroine in "Jolly Jack Tar", now running successfully at the Prince's, London.



LONG SERVICE.—Lieut.-Col. Danby Cogan, gazetted D.S.O. He served four years during the war and was in both France and Gallipoli.

CAMERA'S CHALLENGE TO PAINTER'S BRUSH.

Two Great Exhibitions Now Open in London.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

The camera has at last made a direct challenge to art.

Both the photographer and the artist have employed their talents in portraying their impressions of the world-war on the mind of man. The result, so far as the artists are concerned, is to be seen at the remarkable exhibition now open to the public at the Royal Academy.

The other side of the picture is on view at the Grafton Galleries, where the latest Exhibition of Canadian War Photographs in Colour was opened yesterday by Sir Edward Kemp, K.C.M.G. Lord Beaverbrook presided.

There is actuality and realism about these photographs. They bring home to the average man a sense of war that is not easily equalled through the efforts of any imaginative artist, such as the painter who is responsible for the large canvas called "A Gas Attack" at the Royal Academy.

"SACRIFICE."

All the pathos of human endeavour, effort and triumph is caught up in the atmosphere of a wonderful photograph exhibited at the Grafton Galleries under the title of "Sacrifice."

It is only the photograph of a graveyard, portraying a number of crosses set up in a foreign land to the memory of unknown and unnamed British heroes, who died gladly in order that the world might be free.

Another photograph at the Grafton Galleries, which is charged with the deepest emotion, is that of the service of thanksgiving held in the church at Cambrai after the deliverance of the town.

The whole exhibition is a remarkable monument to art in war time. The Canadians undoubtedly set themselves a very high standard with their first exhibition, which astonished us all, but in their latest show of photographs they have been able to surpass a record which they themselves established.

Sir Edward Kemp said the photographers endured great hardships and danger. One was twice wounded and twice gassed, and that photographer's predecessor was a casualty more than once.

Sir Robert Borden said he was supremely confident that the people of Canada would welcome the housing of such glorious records in the capital city of the Dominion.

General Currie declared with emotion: "In viewing these pictures thoughts come to my mind that are too deep for words."

SAVED BY ARMISTICE.

Sir Douglas Haig Tells How Hun Armies Escaped Disaster.

The epic fighting of the British Armies which brought to a sudden and dramatic end the four years' war is vividly described by Sir Douglas Haig in his historic dispatch published yesterday, which deals with the state of the British armies from the end of April, 1918.

Our troops, says Sir Douglas, after November 1 had broken the enemy's resistance beyond possibility of recovery, and had forced on him a disorderly retreat along the whole front of the British armies.

Thereafter, the enemy was capable neither of accepting nor refusing battle.

A continuance of hostilities could only have meant disaster to the German armies and the armed invasion of Germany.

In three months of epic fighting the British armies in France brought to a sudden and dramatic end the great wearing-out battle of the past four years.

Sir Douglas gives the following marvellous figures of the achievements of our men:—

Prisoners captured this year	301,000
Machine guns taken	29,000
Trench mortars taken	2,000
Tons of bombs dropped between January and November	5,500
Foe aeroplanes destroyed	2,353
Driven down out of control	1,178
Observation balloons shot down in flames	241
Area of square miles photographed	4,000
Miles of roads repaired by Engineers	3,350
Road bridges, exclusive of pontoons, made during advance	700
German mines and traps discovered	14,000
Total of these explosives (tons)	540
Tons of gas discharged during March	2,250
Separate gas "operations" between March 11 and October 7	301

During the period under review a total of nearly 800,000 troops have been carried and over 2,500,000 miles run by the Omnibus Park.

RIOT ON STATION PLATFORM.

A negro dissatisfied with his treatment at the hands of a young woman in the ticket office at Cardiff Station, led an American naval officer to interfere on her behalf, and consequently to a serious fight between coloured men and Americans, on Monday night.

Sticks, knives and firearms were used. Several shots were fired, and an Australian soldier was badly injured. Two negroes were arrested.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1919.

WHY NOT A PUBLIC STATEMENT ABOUT RUSSIA?

SINCE we wrote about the Russian Mystery—which is the mystery of what the Allies are doing in Russia—on December 20 and December 28, no further information that we have been able to trace has been vouchsafed by leading men, with the aim of explaining our policy or of defining our commitments in this new enterprise.

The public, therefore, is still left to base its opinion on Lord Milner's casual letter to a correspondent, the other day.

That, surely, is not enough.

The public fears need to be quieted.

They are expressed in the two sufficiently common questions: "Are more of our boys to be sent out Bolshevik-baiting in Russia and to embark on the impossible task of suppressing revolution over thousands of miles of country? Who is to pay the cost of what in that case must be a tremendously costly enterprise?"

Now we have good reason to believe that these fears are groundless, or exaggerated.

We believe that the total number of our force in Russia is less than 20,000 men in all. We hear that no more men are to be sent out. We understand that those only remain because they are supposed to be in honour bound to support "our friends" in Russia, who are threatened by revolutionary violence.

If it be so, the fact should be more clearly asserted in public by some responsible Minister. Because (as experience showed during the war) it is so easy to slip from one step to the other—so easy to be compelled, when one force is in occupation, to send another force to support it—so easy to be drawn deeper into commitments that began by outlining themselves as slender, or for local and special purposes only.

And, while formal and full reassurance is delayed, it must be noted that supporters of a "strong policy in Russia" are busy telling us what they would like, and so adding to our anxieties.

What they would like is not what the public would like at all.

They would like us to "Fight Bolshevism everywhere."

It is as though you said "fight influenza everywhere!"

That is precisely what we are trying to do.

How?

By killing the causes that produce the epidemic.

So with Bolshevism.

In this country, we shall try to remove the injustices that produce in the people the agonised mind of revolt which is the mind of Bolshevism. Revolt in Russia was produced by the misery of the war and by the grotesque misgovernment of the old régime. Better conditions of life in Russia; you will kill Bolshevism.

You could not kill it by raising huge armies; nor yet by sending men in dribbles: all such armed foreign opposition would merely strengthen it, just as, once, in France, the revolutionary Government was inspired and strengthened by the threat of repression from without. Inevitably the Russian people must work out their own salvation. And they must work it out slowly, after the ruin of the last four and a half years.

That is all we want to be allowed to say for the moment. It is merely an answer to the demand that we should embark on a new war to please people totally out of touch with public opinion in this country. And we hasten to add that we are sure the Government do not intend (as such people put it) to send out armies to "attack Bolshevism wherever it exists."

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.—Charles Lamb.

THE NEW DISTURBANCE IN CLUBLAND.

REVOLT OF THE 'OLD MEMBER' AGAINST THE 'NEW GANG.'

By WYNDHAM HALL.

"SINCE the war broke out," remarked a member of a well-known and exclusive club the other day, "the whole world has been topsy-turvy. Now, just look at that person over there!"

I saw six feet of healthy, satisfied humanity stretched out in a chair carefully placed in the centre of the hearth, with feet poised perpendicularly on the kerb.

He had all the reviews stacked in a heap on the floor by his side.

The Times lay on his knees, and he was reading a well-known weekly journal. I did

the threatened civil war in Ireland, and, before that again, there was the Flood, which doubtless would be well in the minds of some of the older members.

I saw the member who was the cause of the present lament hurl the weekly journal half-way across the room, narrowly missing the head of a noble patriarch who was trying to explain the position in Russia to a member suffering from advanced deafness.

"Disgraceful!" muttered my host fiercely.

I asked my host if he would like me to expose the matter in the Press, to bring the searchlight of public opinion to bear.

SOOTHING SYRUP.

The suggestion soothed him, and here I am turning on the searchlight accordingly.

In many cases exclusiveness has given way to rather free admission, more members mean-

WHEN WAITERS DRESS AS THEY LIKE.



Amongst symptoms of the universal revolt against everything comes the news that waiters and waitresses object to uniform and want freedom to dress as they like. What will they like?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

not quite see any connection between him and the world being topsy-turvy.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"He's a member admitted by our foot committee during the war. Look at him. No family, no breeding, no manners. See, he takes all the papers, the best place before the fire—anyone would think he had bought the club. Look at poor old Lord Linkit over there. Can't get near the fire. He's been a member sixty years, and he has lived to see the day when preposterous persons like that invade the club!"

I glanced at Lord Linkit.

He was sitting as nearly between the door and the window as was possible, as though he thought that by risking his valuable life in the draught he was making a satisfactory public protest against the existence of the new member who had taken the warmest seat.

His nose was quite blue, and his beard scintillated with passing tremors as though cold shivers chased each other through his weary frame.

"Something ought to be done," I ventured mildly.

"Done?" said my irascible host. "What can be done? Conditions of life have become intolerable since the war."

I reminded him that there had been some slight disturbances before the war, such as

ing more revenue, and more revenue preventing clubs from closing from need of finance.

As an example, a well-known Bishop the other day was admitted to a club which had always in pre-war days been regarded as a perfect paradise.

Let all the young members of the clubs, that is, members between sixty and seventy-five, form themselves into an association known as the Lad's Brigade, or some similar and suitable title.

They should procure bathchairs for members over seventy-five, and the Lads should assemble in Piccadilly-circus at an appointed hour.

Coronets and Balalaika decorations should be worn, and each junior member must push one bathchair.

The procession should proceed via St. James'-street and Pall Mall to No. 10, Downing-street, where a demonstration should be made.

Anybody with a complaint (unless it be the measles) marches to Downing-street nowadays, and there is no reason why these outraged club members should be out of date.

If this plan be followed and the members of the procession refrain from cheering and waving their coronets no doubt a committee will be duly appointed and the modern member removed.

Perhaps!

NO CHURCH AT ALL!

ARE WE ON THE ROAD TO DIS-ESTABLISHMENT?

ABOLITION?

ABOLISH the Churches! They are wrong—entirely wrong.

Why are there wars—revolutions?

Because, in their hearts, people do not actually believe the doctrine that is spooned out to them. It is merely custom that takes them to church and fear of—they know not what.

everyone were to examine his thoughts with an unbiased mind millions would come to the conclusion that really they do not believe—they take it all for granted.

Let them think for themselves! This, I am sure, is what God requires us to do. J. M. E.

PERSEVERE!

I HEARTILY agree with the "other person" when writing in your Saturday's paper he asks: "Ought not the faithful to conform to the faith instead of trying to adapt it to their own whims?"

But I would like at once to go farther and become broader and claim a certain religious individuality for us all that would allow us to have our own interpretation of the faith as well as our conformation to it.

It surely shows a deplorable spiritual indolence on our part if we expect the Church to spoon-feed us entirely.

Our capabilities for spiritual understanding were not meant to be smothered by blind acceptance of recognised solutions of problems of higher issues.

The English Catholic Church seems not unlike a friend reserved and difficult to know at first, but, like all such friends, well worth knowing after perseverance, and to Churchmen it hardly seems that "Peripatetic" and other vague writers in your columns have bothered to persevere.

MIRRELY A LAYMAN.

"A GOING CONCERN."

THE Church, like every organisation, requires money to make it a "going concern," and unless it can be made so, there is little hope of its being able to do much good in the world.

May I, therefore, suggest that as a start the clergy should be paid salaries by the State, and thus be made independent?

I do not think that there is much wrong with the teachings of the Church, but many a person has been unable to be candid and just through the fear of offending his congregation.

Again, how can any man be expected to be impartial to all when he is virtually expected to tout for his living, and that, often, when received, a very poor one to boot?

I would also suggest that the renting of pews be done away with.

Surely in religion class distinctions should be obliterated as far as possible, and the fact that the rich may obtain the best places in their churches may deter many a good person from attending the services.

Let the working expenses be collected, and any deficit be made up by the State. W. F. A.

PEOPLE OR STATE?

I THINK it an undisputed fact that the Church is part of the State.

In the reorganisation of our country, if the Church intends to remain part of the State, I think the Coalition Government ought to hand the five millions to the Church for "services rendered."

But so far, I take it, the people are asked to give the money.

Therefore the people have the right to ask what the Church require the money for. A. W.

"MAKING CHARACTER."

MRS. MARTIN HARVEY'S article is most interesting and also the reply by "A Modern Mother." The books referred to, "Jessica's Prayer," "Little Meg's Children," "Little Women" and "Good Wives," I often hear my wife speak of. They appear to have made a big impression on her in childhood.

They will also be provided for my little daughter (three and a half years) when she is older and can read and write.

My daughter (like "Jessica's Prayer") will often, when out with her mother on Sunday, ask of her own accord to go in and hear the little boys singing in the church, and she will sit, as if in delight, listening intently, as one can only be a child once. Touth is soon passed, and it is the duty of any parent to see that the child has a happy childhood to look back on.

St. Margarets-on-Thames. H. J. JEFFRIES.

WHERE TO LOOK.

THE Bus notices tell us to "look before and behind" or "behind and before" when stepping off a bus.

It is his duty to look in one direction. How can one look in two? PERPLEXED.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 7.—Many spring-flowering bulbs can be seen to-day peeping from the ground owing to the mild weather. Snowdrops, crocuses and daffodils are very forward this year. It is a mistake to cover the young shoots of bulbs with soil; they are quite hardy and will come to no harm.

If, however, bulbs like tulips and Spanish irises appear now, it may be wise to afford them some protection—that is, if the position is an exposed one. Do not place any wet material over them. Some small evergreen branches or dry straw supported by sticks will keep off much frost and keep the soil dry. E. F. T.

WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS DANCING FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS' CHILDREN TO-NIGHT



Mr. George Robey and Miss Violet Loraine, probably Hiawatha and Minnehaha.



Mr. Basil Gill, in his Renaissance costume in "The Loving Heart."



Mr. Nelson Keys, who will appear almost as himself.



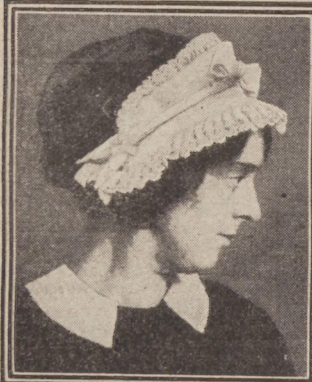
Mr. Harry Tate with part of the force he will command at the ball. They are "Allies" from "Box o' Tricks."



Miss Lily Brayton as "The Slave" in "Chu Chin Chow." Mr. Oscar Asche, portrait inset.

Some well-known players in the costumes which they will wear at the Albert Hall Stage Ball this evening. The proceeds of the ball, at which some four thousand people will

dance, will help to swell Sir Arthur Pearson's Blinded Soldiers' Children Fund. Every theatre in London is sending a representative group to it.



Chief item in a charming uniform.



No headdress could be more pleasing.



Utilitarian and far from unsightly.



What could be more dainty?

WHERE THE HEADING COUNTS.—Domestic service now offers really excellent opportunities for women workers, both as regards rewards and conditions of employment. Many

object only to the cap. Certainly the cap need not be unsightly. The mistress is quite likely to take to such dainty ornaments as shown should the maid discard them.



SALUTING FALLEN HEROES.—Colour party of 1st Manchester Regiment place wreaths upon the war memorial erected in honour of their fallen comrades in Manchester.



WORKING FOR THE WOUNDED.—In the hospital supply workshop, established two years ago by Sir A. S. Cope, R.A., at Launceston. It has turned out over 1,500 crutches.

LOST—A BLUSH.

MODESTY—THE RIGHT SORT AND THE WRONG.

By JOAN KENNEDY.

"I LIKE the Smith family. The girls all blush so prettily."

Thus Bachelor Bill, who has returned from Egypt and is looking out for a wife. And he went on: "Most of the present-day girls are too brazen to blush. Blushing is, in fact, a lost art."

There was a pregnant silence after Bill's bombshell.

Anna and I became conscious of burning ears and camouflaged complexions. We had both dipped liberally into my powder-box just before Bill's arrival, being desirous of keeping a cool and placid exterior in the presence of that young man, and here he was declaring that he liked blushes!

Next we had to listen to a few grunts of disgust against the powder-puff, lip-salve and false roses. Bill declared that the powder-puff had killed natural blushes.

In so grumpy a mood was he that we let him go when he mentioned his departure, and made no attempt to keep him by means of "margy" toast and firelight glow. But, with the bang of the front door, we fell upon his remarks, and, if Bill's ears didn't burn that night, they ought to have done so.

Had we lost the art of blushing? Were girls brazen nowadays? Did they powder and paint too much?

He may or he may not be right when he says that modesty is an unknown quantity and that the modern girl can only blush out of a box, but to one conclusion Anna and I came unanimously—and that was that there were a good many blushes lost that we need never trouble about again.

For instance, I can remember only too vividly the time when I simply hated carrying a parcel, when I ordered this and that and gave my name and address for delivery by the tradespeople.

OLD APPEARANCES' SAKE.

As to Anna, she owns up candidly that she never could really afford a maid, yet she kept one for appearances' sake.

But Anna does some things these days, and does them unblushingly. She had to when maids became as scarce as matches, and the price of the genial "char" went up like the price of fresh eggs.

Oh, the hours we wasted in paying calls and talking scandal or formalities over the tea-cups! The necessity for shirt and socks for "Tommy" and "Jack" cured us of the curse of idle fingers. We'll not be ashamed to carry our sewing-bag with us, in addition to our card-cases, in the future. I don't suppose we'll want to take our stockings to darn in a friend's drawing-room, but we mustn't be ashamed to darn them in our own. Honest labour should never bring a blush of shame.

No more living in £20 flats when £40 was nearer the rent we ought to have afforded, and taking houses whose rent left us no margin for enjoyments that tend to health and happiness. The bogey of "keeping up appearances" mustn't be allowed to raise its head again, and the fear of what "they'll say" mustn't rule our lives.

There are quite a lot of blushes we can afford to lose, and let's hope we've lost them.

JOAN KENNEDY.



PANTOMIME IN FRANCE—Widow Twankey and Abanazar in the pantomime produced by soldiers at Lille. (Official photograph.)

WHY SHOULD I WANT TO LEAVE THE ARMY?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DEMOBILISATION PROBLEM.

By AN ADJUTANT.

WHILE practically every other officer in my battalion is feverishly eager to be demobilised and to return to civil life, I confess frankly that the prospect possesses no charms for me.

I entered the Army somewhat late in life, but I like it and it likes me.

I feel no insistent call to commercial or professional activity. The counting-house or the factory, the shop or the mill, are not acting as magnets to draw me from a soldier's work or the charm I have found in a military career.

My one regret is that I did not become an officer in the British Army many years ago.

Militarism is not the nightmare to me that it appears to be in the eyes of so many. If I have to relinquish the King's commission I shall regret it from the point of view of health.

Before I donned khaki I was troubled with digestive ills, had a tendency to gout and my waist-line was increasing uncomfortably. A little exercise taxed my respiratory powers. I was flabby.

A FIT MAN.

To-day, thanks to military drill and regular physical training, I am a fit man; my muscles are hard. I can march miles with ease. I feel ten years younger. I am proud to be alive.

If I go back to civil life I know what will happen.

I shall become as others of my age, whom I see and pity every day—suffering from their sedentary existence, looking old before their time, with a stoop in their shoulders and victims of many bed-sores.

Before being a soldier I had a multitude of business cares.

Foreign competition was making severe inroads into the trade with which I was connected, and to meet it meant working early and late, with diminishing profits each year. The strain was perpetual, and I could never get relief from the worry or respite from the constant struggle.

It was a sordid life, and I knew there were thousands similarly circumstanced. But I could see no escape. Now I am free from care. I have responsibility, of course, but so long as I do my definite duty, carry out the orders that come from higher officers and see that mine are carried out by those under me, I have no further anxiety.

NO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I have no sleepless nights disturbed by thoughts of waning profits, no haunting visions of callous creditors. I do my job, and am happy. My pay will never make me a millionaire, but it comes regularly, and I live like a gentleman.

These are some of the advantages I value as an Army officer, and they make me chary of leaving the service.

But I can see many others. One is that, back in the life and wearing mufti, I should merely be "Citizen So-and-So."

You may say it is snobbish for me to say so, but at present I hold a distinct social status. As a holder of his Majesty's commission I command considerable respect. The wearer of the King's uniform is saluted and obeyed; he has privileges that no ordinary civilian can hope for. In many ways he is to be envied.

The Army has, since 1914 been a great institution of high ideals for the young officer.

He was not an officer of the old Army. His association and training were of the rapid order, yet inspired with the finest, the grandest of atmospheres.

The moment he was commissioned he became a gentleman.

All the best traditions of the Army were handed down to him.

THE FUTURE?

The Army—at any rate since the war—is a school of Freemasonry. There is a comradeship among officers which one does not find in the business world. One strikes up acquaintanceship everywhere with brother officers; friendships are soon made. One mixes with congenial spirits—largely with the younger generation—and this helps to keep one young.

An officers' mess is a more interesting place than any West End club I know.

And, in spite of the hankering after the ungainly attire of the civilian, which so many officers exhibit to-day, I cannot say I look forward to wearing again the undistinguished bowler hat or the awkward cutaway coat. I see no joy in trousers which bag at the knees, in the stiff collar or that unnecessary article of attire, the waistcoat. To my mind, no more comfortable, and at the same time more dignified, manly garb was ever devised than the khaki service uniform of the British officer.

No; demobilisation will not be welcomed by me. I see no reason why I should wish to leave the Army.

—C. P. S.

ARE YOU GOING TO CANADA?

SOME HELPFUL NOTES FOR BRITISH GIRL EMIGRANTS.

By ELLA C. SYKES.

The author of "A Home Help in Canada," who has travelled throughout the Dominion in order to investigate conditions from the point of view of working women.

WE have just learnt that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has appointed a Committee "to deal effectively with the problems connected with emigration which are likely to arise during the period of reconstruction."

When preparations for the journey are being made one of the first things to be remembered is that some half dozen girls will probably have to share a cabin, and that the one who has little luggage and a good temper will fare the best.

After about a week the steamer will turn into the mighty St. Lawrence.

Canadian women have a great idea of dress, and turn themselves out very well.

They have also a firmly-rooted idea that girls from the Old Country look frumpy and dowdy, go about in badly-fitting blouses (they call them "waists") and ill-lung skirts. So it is "up to" every British girl to look smart and prove to the Canadians that they can hold their own with them in the matter of dress.

The old saying, "Do as Rome as Rome does," is particularly applicable in the case of the Dominion, as men and women there have no use for those newcomers who refuse to adapt themselves to the ways of the country.

I was told with scorn of an English waiter who said that Canada belonged to England, and therefore the Canadians ought to do things in the English way. Needless to say, that waiter was always in want of a job.

At French-speaking Montreal, several hours up the St. Lawrence and the largest city in Canada, the luggage will be "checked"—that is to say, registered to its different destinations.

DON'T LOSE TICKETS.

Let me warn everyone to guard the baggage tickets with the utmost care, as, if they are lost, the trouble to recover the boxes will be endless and perhaps in vain.

At Montreal in all probability everyone will be packed into "bunking" cars, where only hand luggage can be taken, and each girl will be given a straw-filled mattress and pillow and a red blanket. The seats on which the passengers sit during the day are turned into extremely hard beds at night, shelves overhead being pulled down to make an upper row of sleeping berths.

The train with its huge engine goes placidly along on its long journey across the great continent, passing soon through the province of Ontario, called Ont. by Canadians, who abbreviate everything they can.

It stops at stations at uncertain intervals, and appears to halt as long as the engine-driver pleases, no proper notice being given when it is about to start off.

The conductor calls "All aboard!" as the engine gets under weigh, and as the steps are placed only at the ends of the long cars that rise high above the platforms, it is an easy matter for the unwary to get left behind.

It takes five days and five nights to cross the Dominion by the Canadian Pacific Railway—the C.P.R., as it is called by all Canadians.

Let me now give a few domestic details for dwellers in town or country.

THE ALL-ROUND GIRL.

If a girl's lot is cast far from the towns she must be able to cook and wash, make the bread, be dressmaker and tailor, tend the vegetable plot, harness the horse, look after the poultry and at a pinch all the live stock. It is not an easy life, but a healthy one; and if she makes friends with her Canadian neighbours they will give her many a useful hint.

All flour, sugar and so on is measured by cups and spoonfuls. Every woman has her own recipe for making delicious bread that never seems to get stale, or soap with which she copes with the weary, weekly wash, or bottling of fruit to eat during the long winter.

Canadians make sympathetic and considerate husbands, for they have helped their mothers so much in the past that cooking, sweeping and laundry work are mere child's play to them, and they understand the difficulties a woman has to contend with far better than the ordinary Englishman could do.

In the towns the houses are far more up to date than in England. Of course there is central heating, and many houses have electric stoves, kettle stands, toast racks and irons, while all kinds of labour-saving devices are everywhere employed.

The summer is a time of strenuous work in the country, especially in the wheat districts, but over the great Continent blows a tonic air that takes away fatigue, that makes it a joy to be alive, and that fills those who come to the Dominion with boundless hope and energy and a firm resolve to "make good."

ELLA C. SYKES.

A DISCOVERY.

THAT MEN AND WOMEN CAN BE "MERELY COMRADES."

By JESSIE E. DUNBAR.

A BASETOWN, FRANCE.

DURING this stay of mine in France I have met hospital sisters, V.A.D.s, Q.M.A.A.C.s, Ordnance factory workers, also the officers and men of our Army, and the pleasant comradeship which exists between the two sexes in France is a reality to be proud of. It is one of the great "discoveries" of the war.

I stayed for a time with a Q.M.A.A.C. administrator, a girl who was in charge of a rest home for officers.

The house was pleasant and by the sea, and was run like an English country home.

The officers who had been "up the line" for many weary months and had had none of the comforts of civilisation for years—except during leave—highly appreciated the "home" atmosphere of the place. But they, to a man, would not admit the "home" atmosphere was achieved by giving them good food in well-ordered surroundings. They said that what gave them the feeling it was home was the presence of the women, for my administrator had a staff of Q.M.A.A.C.s working under her and "running" the house.

Some of the officers I met had not, previous to their arrival at the house, seen a woman for many months.

The procedure at the rest house was this.

PRETTIEST GIRLS OF THE DAY.

On arrival an officer went to the girl administrator's office and officially reported his presence. His name, battalion, etc., were entered in the visitors' book, and he was shown to his room, which in cold weather was warmed by a radiator. The whole house was made very cosy by central heating and coal and wood fires.

In the officers' mess the food was excellent and abundant, and the waitresses were Q.M.A.A.C.s, a bunch of the prettiest girls I have met for many a day.

At home there is a great distance between the men of the house and their women servants.

At the rest house the girls gave admirable service, but there was a human understanding between themselves and the officers that was delightful to see. The girls took an interest in the men they waited upon. A waitress would, on hearing of some deficiency in the man's kit—it might be a lack of clean pocket-handkerchiefs—tackle the problem for him and usually solve it.

The officers were obviously delighted to find themselves waited upon by their countrywomen, and naturally enough pleased to see such trim little waitresses. I recall one.

She had short, curly fair hair, which framed her pretty and intelligent face, a neat khaki dress, quite short, showing well-shaped feet in serviceable, but very neat shoes. I enjoyed looking at her, and I am sure the men did. She stood for beauty.

Misanthropes have preached to us for years that men and women cannot work together simply as human beings; they must always be in two camps, each camp knowing it needs something of the other, but each fearing treachery from the other.

Well, they are all wrong!

JESSIE E. DUNBAR.



"ALADDIN" AT LILLE.—The Grand Vizier and So Shi, the Prince's maid, in the pantomime produced by soldiers at Lille. (Official photograph.)

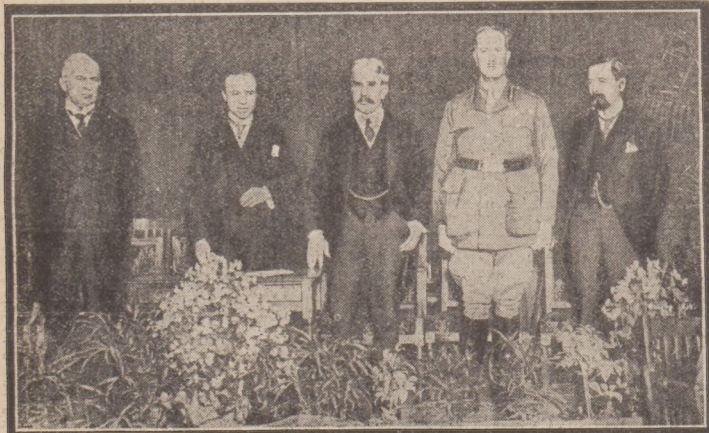
MARS IN 'CIVVIES' THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR VICTORY—



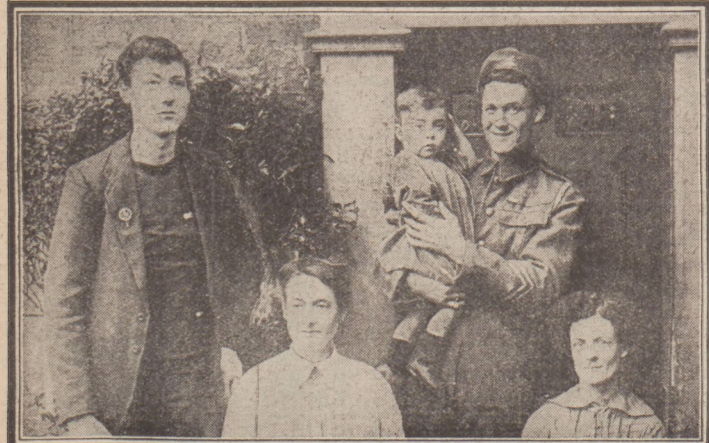
Captain G. A. Turner married to Miss Steytler, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, London. The bridegroom presented the rare spectacle of a military officer married in "civvies."



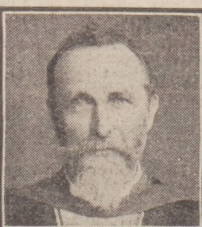
General Sir Reginald Wingate chatting with representative of the Sultan of Egypt after the victory service.



AT CRAFTON GALLERIES.—Opening of fourth exhibition of Canadian War Pictures. Left to right: Sir Edward Kemp, Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Robert Borden, General Currie, Sir George Perley. Sir Edward Kemp performed the opening ceremony.—(Daily Mirror.)



A JOYFUL RETURN.—After having been mourned as dead for years, Private Frank Kensett, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, has now returned to his Lewisham home. He was reported killed at the battle of Mons, but was in fact taken prisoner by the Germans.—(Exclusive.)



DEAD.—Right Rev. Dr. G. A. Lefroy, Bishop of Calcutta, whose death at the age of sixty-four has just been reported from India.



V.C.'s HONOUR.—Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Neame, V.C., D.S.O., Royal Engineers, awarded Cross of Chevalier of Legion of Honour.



NO MORE HUN TOYS.—The U.S.A. used to import large quantities of German toys. They are not needed now. America has learned to make its own. In a factory,

TO BE MARRIED



The Hon. Joan Penelope Slater Booth, daughter of Lord Basing, who is to be married to Captain Grenville Peak, 8th Lancers.



Miss Ruth M. of Judge Ma. is to be married to Captain Grenville Peak, 8th Lancers.



The Bishop of Jerusalem's residence. Sir Reginald Wingate, Lord Beaverbrook, and others. Great open-air service in celebration of the end of the war. The ceremony was most impressive.—(Daily Mirror.)



REPLACING WAITERS ON STRIKE.—Chinese have taken the place of waiters on strike in a hotel. They have proved a great success.

E MARRIED SOON



Miss Ruth Macklin, daughter of Judge Macklin, who is to be married to Major C. J. Newton, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.



of Jerusalem precedes Sir Reginald Wingate. service in cooperation of the Allies' victory and the cessation of hostilities at Cairo. The as most important. (Daily Mirror exclusive.)



WAITERS ON STRIKE.—Chinese waitresses who place of waiting on strike in a New York City. They have proved a great success so far.

—HELD IN THE OPEN AIR AT CAIRO.



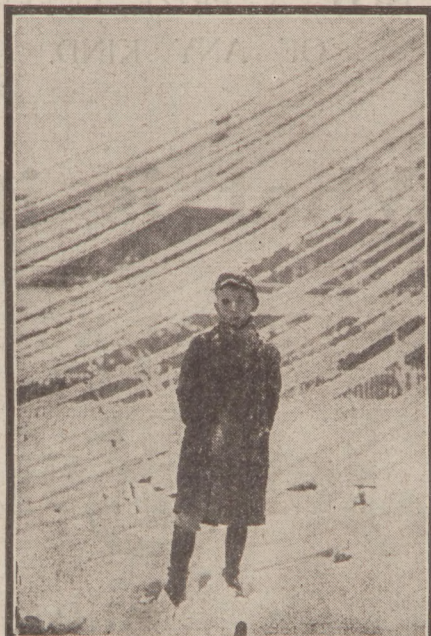
Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate arrive for the open-air service. Boy scouts provide a guard of honour.



NATIONAL INDEX.—Sir Bernard Mallet, R.C.B., who has devised a novel plan for an exhaustive National Register of Population.



DEFENCE OF LONDON.—Lieutenant-Commander Henry Paget, R.N.V.R., who organised Observation Service for defence of London during air raids.



MANCHESTER WIRES DOWN.—What really happens when telegraphic communication is interrupted. The weight of snow which can lodge on a single wire is astonishing.

COLONEL MARRIED



Lieutenant-Colonel C. McGregor married to Miss Amabel Somers Cocks, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Bride and bridegroom photographed immediately after the ceremony.



Railwaymen on picket duty at Brighton would find it much more comfortable on duty.



At a meeting of the railwaymen who are now on strike at Brighton.

BRIGHTON RAILWAYMEN'S STRIKE.—The strike of railwaymen employed in the L.B. and S.C. Railway works at Lancing is on the point whether time spent in travelling shall be included in the working day. It is yet unsettled.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



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priceless inheritance of knowledge that men of science have won for you.

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TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Not Leaving.

There have been many statements going about to the effect that Lord Weir would leave the Air Ministry, and various reasons were assigned. Last night I heard definitely that the Air Minister would not leave the position in which he has been so successful.

The "Junkers."

Captain Pretzman's decision to leave the Government and lead in the House of Commons those Unionists who do not wish to see taxation of land values or compulsory acquisition of land confirms the opinion that the Government's housing scheme is likely to be accompanied by a Land Bill to prevent "fancy" prices being charged.

Land Values.

Many of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals in his previous land campaigns will probably be incorporated. People will be encouraged to build their own houses. That will be one of the best bulwarks against Bolshevism.

A Record Lorry Jump.

What is believed to be the record lorry jump for our Army in France has just been accomplished by a subaltern on short leave. He went from Cologne to Boulogne, getting lifts all the way, and did the journey in less than half the time taken by the leave train. He had only to "change" at Mons, Valenciennes, Arras, St. Pol and Montreuil.

The New "Quality."

Now that the restrictions on petrol are removed I hear that the wives of Irish farmers who have made phenomenal profits out of the war are anxious to own luxurious motor-cars. These ladies consider themselves the new "quality," and they have created no end of a sensation in Dublin by the prices they pay.

Eat More Fish!

I see that Lord Dunraven has appeared again as an advocate of a fish diet. This has always been a great "slogan" of the yachtman-earl's, and he has been known to press



Mrs. James Montague, wife of Lieut. Montague, Hussars.

Miss Dorothy Pidecock, in "Charles's Aunt," at Garrick.

the necessity of providing a good supply of fishy food for the people upon the attention of the House of Lords.

Where Is It?

In the meantime, the fish we used to find in the shops has swum out of our ken. The ordinary housewife discovers it to be very difficult to provide a fish course for her household table. Surely all the fishermen are not still making holiday!

Refused Seventeen Seats.

I met Mr. Tom Mann, the veteran Labour leader, yesterday in Shaftesbury Avenue. It is his intention, he told me, to start a poultry farm in Kent, a peaceful ending for so stormy a career. Incidentally he remarked that he had received seventeen invitations to stand for Parliament at the general election.

A Stepping Stone.

He is somewhat proud of the fact that the Right Hon. G. N. Barnes some time ago declared that he owed his success in life through having the good fortune to be at one time Tom Mann's secretary.

The Boys' Favourite.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie is still devoting her Sunday afternoons to lonely soldiers, parties of whom she entertains at her home each week. Little Renee Mayer was the great favourite last Sunday, and although she sang and recited four times, still the boys begged for a dance and collected themselves tightly into a corner to provide room for its execution.

Signs of the Times.

"Khaki dyed here in colours suitable for civilian wear," is a notice which I saw in a suburban shop window yesterday.

War in Art.

I caught a glimpse of Mr. John Sargent at Burlington House. He was intently studying some of the war pictures in the wonderful exhibition there, and seemed rather impressed.

Republican Honours.

Some famous military names figure in the latest list of decorations conferred by Allied Powers on British officers. General Sir John Du Cane and General Sir Henry De Lisle have a commander's cross of the Legion of Honour to wear on the King's coat. And there is a long, long tale of British soldiers awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Singer and Nurse.

Grand opera is the business, but nursing the wounded the pre-occupation, of Miss Alice O'Brien whom you see here. For two years the singer neglected all her professional prospects in order to alleviate suffering on the battlefields of France. This was becoming in a soldier's daughter, for her father is Colonel Lysaght, of a very famous Irish regiment.



Miss Alice O'Brien.

Theatre Famine. Among the managers who are hoping to be in command of a West End theatre again in the near future is Mr. Ernest Rolls. He has a revue, "Laughing Eyes," which he aims to bring to London at the end of February.

Let Joy Be Unconfined.

To-night the Albert Hall will see, in the great Stage Ball, one of the most gorgeous spectacles of its time. It would be far easier to count the stage favourites who will not be there than those who will. The hall will open with a pageant, arranged by Mr. J. B. Fagan, when the London stage, in character, will pervade the glittering scene.

To-Day's Bargain.

The personal column in a morning newspaper offers a fine velvet Court suit, with cut steel buttons, for £15. Its pre-war cost was £40, so I am to believe; and I must add that the outfit is complete with sword.

Hero and Heroine.

Yesterday I passed a policeman who wore the Mons and D.C.M. ribbons and two wound stripes. In the same street I also saw a Waac wearing a wound stripe.

Generous.

The late Lord Michelham gave enormous sums away in charity. The name of his firm was always seen early on subscription lists on behalf of any good cause, and for a thumping sum.

A Million for War Loan.

While it could not strictly be called charity, being a sound investment, yet a million and a half was the extent to which Lord Michelham took up the War Loan of 1915. His fondness for art was well known, and he subscribed £10,000 towards the sum needed to prevent "The Mill" from leaving the country.

Some Souvenirs.

Yesterday I saw an American sergeant carrying a bundle of Irish blackthorn sticks and shilleaghs. I suppose these were souvenirs of a flying visit to the "old country."

Another British Victory.

The export trade in whisky is already booming. In fact, I should not be greatly surprised if our distillers and blenders captured the entire German trade in "fire water." However, the superior and milder quality of British spirits may not altogether appeal to the natives who acquired their taste from the vile stuff Germany sent them.

Potato Poison.

Before the war the Germans practically controlled the market for spirits in West Africa. Their stuff was cheaper and stronger than British spirit. But it will be a long time before their potato poison is again on sale in our colonies. The distillers' only nightmare is that Canada and the U.S.A. are "bone dry."

THE RAMBLER.



The Hon. Ellen Seymour Methuen, youngest daughter of the Governor of Malta, Lord Methuen.



Mrs. William O. Hutchinson, wife of the well-known artist who joined the R.G.A. and was wounded.

LIBERAL LEADER.

Meat Control to Continue—Prima Donna and Nurse, Too.

A DISTINCT and spontaneous movement is now apparent among Coalition Liberal M.P.s to select Mr. Lloyd George as their leader in Parliament and outside. This should go a long way towards settling the position.

The Five.

There are at least five irreconcilable members of the new House who will never accept Mr. Lloyd George as Liberal leader. "Never" is a long word in politics, but let that pass. They are Messrs. H. J. Glanville, Wedgwood Benn, Sidney Arnold and J. M. Hogge and Sir Donald Maclean.

No Leadership.

The story that Sir Donald may lead the Asquithian remnant has fizzled out. I never took any stock in it. With all respect, he has not the personality nor the magnetism to be a leader. He is far more fitted for the post of Chairman of Committees, which will probably be his when Mr. J. H. Whitley goes to the Speaker's Chair.

Offices of Profit.

It comes to me on the best authority that as soon as possible after the opening of Parliament a Bill will be put through to do away with unnecessary by-elections in the case of Ministers appointed to the new, who were in the old, Government.

Cutting Down Pensions.

Great interest has been excited in political circles by the news given in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that future ex-Lord Chancellors' pensions may be cut down. There has long been a feeling that too much money has in the past been paid out by the country to these estimable gentlemen.

Well Paid.

A Lord Chancellor is of necessity a successful lawyer. And successful lawyers make a lot of money—much more than Prime Ministers. Therefore a Lord Chancellor has at least a chance of accumulating a competence before his elevation to the Woolsack.

Sir Edward's Job.

Sir Edward Carson, it is said, will lead the more "independent" Unionists in the House of Commons. He will ask the Ulster Unionists to be there regularly as the nucleus of a detached Unionist Party.

Meat Control.

I hear that the Government are likely to continue to buy our meat for us during the next couple of years. More than that, milk control has come to stay probably for good. Everybody will approve of that, if it produces a pure milk supply.

The Millionaire.

Our literary sticeral, Sir Ian Hamilton, has been thinking aloud in print again. He seems to be against disarmament, and is no believer in conscription. The well-paid professional army of which the British Regulars are the finest example, seems good enough for him.



General Ian Hamilton.

A Military Poet.

Sir Ian's literary gifts are well known, and all his dispatches show the touch of the practised writer, though some have been criticised on quite other grounds. "A Staff-Officer's Scrap Book" is a work of a very different tone.

The Present

Issue of

NATIONAL WAR BONDS

will be finally

WITHDRAWN

on Saturday

JANUARY

18th

INVEST

ALL YOU
CAN
WHILE YOU
CAN

THE DEPUTY GIRL

By JUNE BOLAND.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

EVE MERRIAM, secretly married to **MAURICE HALSEY**, who she regards as her errant husband.
PETER LISLE, in love with Eve, and **RACHEL VANE**, a one-time enemy of Eve.

EVE.

"A HELPLESS LOG."

"**T**HANK God, you've come, sir."

Grant opened the door to Tom Grattan with a feeling of deep relief. Tom, who had come from Morton Grange, handed him his hat and coat.

"How is he?" he asked.

"One minute he's like a raging beast, sir, begging your pardon. I sometimes think he's going to smash up the place. Then he'll sit for hours and hours in the chair without scarcely moving, as you'd almost think he was dead."

Tears welled up in the man's eyes for a minute. He brushed them away with an ashamed gesture.

"You'd think such things couldn't be," he went on, "a man like Mr. Lisle, sir."

Tom nodded slowly, a heavy frown sat on his forehead. "Anybody been to see Mr. Lisle?" he asked.

"Ever so many callers, sir, but he wouldn't see anyone," answered Grant. He was deeply perturbed about his master and thankful for Tom's advent. Mr. Grattan was Peter's best friend; if anyone could help him, he could.

Tom paused a moment.

"In the sitting-room, Grant, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

Grant opened the door.

"Mr. Grattan, sir, to see you." He cast an appealing glance at Tom; then looked again towards his master.

Peter was sitting with sunken head, immovable in his chair, his back was towards the door, but Tom caught a glimpse of his profile, and frowned again.

He waited until the manservant had closed the door, then advanced and laid a hand on Peter's shoulder.

"Well, old chap, how are you?" He strove to make his voice calm and cheerful, but, despite his effort, there was a break in it. The sight of Peter sitting huddled together in the chair had brought a strange lump into his throat. "This is more than rough luck," he thought. "It is damnable—damnable."

Peter moved, then turned towards Tom, stretching out his hand.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. His voice was hoarse, the strained expression on his features made Tom deeply uneasy.

By what course of action could he best help Peter? What could he say or do? The situation was so strange, so outside all his experience and knowledge.

"How is Eve?"

The question came slowly. Peter spoke the name with a deep sigh, but he turned with every fibre of his body against the answer.

"She is well," Tom answered. She, too, thinks it best you parted without seeing each other again. It was the last guest to leave Morton—I came on straight here."

Something that might have once been a smile twisted the corner of Peter's mobile mouth.

"Good old Tom!" he said, then relapsed into silence.

He watched him uneasily. Peter sat with head sunk forward, and eyes fixed in front of him—his attitude was as of one who had abandoned all hope who had nothing further to live for. But that was about him still a latent strength, a magnetism.

Tom remembered Grant's words: "One minute he's like a raging beast, sir—I think he's going to smash up the place."

He leaned forward and touched Peter on the arm.

"Peter, old chap," he said, "couldn't you get away from your work for a bit, and then, when you take up your work?"

Before he could finish Peter had sprung to his feet and was stumbling across the room, with fists clenched, his face grim, distorted.

"Get away!" he shouted. "Where am I to go? What the deuce does it matter where I go, for what I do?" He kicked a chair savagely out of his way, then bore down on Tom. "You know as well as I do that I'm useless as a log. I've sold my share in Halsey's business, I've resigned from all my clubs. Peter's voice suddenly sank and became almost inaudible.

"There is nothing left—nothing."

And, suddenly as it had arisen, his fury died down. He stood—the faint figure of a man, Tom thought, that he had ever come across—good motionless again, apparently gazing before him with that expression of hopelessness which roused Tom's whole nature to revolt. Peter's despair and fury were before him the air of utter hopelessness that enveloped him now—anything, Tom felt, was better than that. Yet he felt the truth of Peter's words.

What could he do? His career had been cut short in the very prime of life—by his wife's side, a devoted wife, he could have done much. But now Tom knew instinctively that Peter did not care what became of him; he had been robbed of everything.

"I am a helpless log," Peter repeated, "use-

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

less—and hopeless. You know, old fellow, how Eve has been the centre of my every thought for years—and to lose her twice—" He broke off again and became silent.

Tom left him an hour later with a feeling of deep uneasiness. He had tried to persuade him to go away for a bit, and seek the quiet of some country place, but he had been unable to arouse Peter from the apathy into which he had sunk. There seemed nothing to do, no way of rousing him; it was as if the central fires within him had been extinguished.

MAURICE SAYS "GOOD-BYE!"

"**B**UT, Maurice, this is most strange of you, most strange!" Mrs. Halsey uttered the words almost querulously. "Here you have hardly come back—I hardly realise it myself—and you propose rushing off by yourself!"

Mrs. Halsey was seated on a low wicker chair beneath a shady tree. Her back was propped with cushions, by her side was a wicker table on which lay books and magazines. In her hand she held a parasol, with the handle of which she was toying—every motion of her hands, as well as the expression of her face was agitated. The chair on which she sat commanded a view of the house and terrace in front of the house.

She glanced every now and then towards the open drawing-room windows. It was late afternoon and the shadows were already long on the grass—near by, magnificent in their plumage, one or two peacocks strutted. The day had been hot and the air still quivered.

No breeze stirred a single leaf. The lake below shone like molten silver and the swans appeared of an almost dazzling whiteness. Maurice, in a chair near his mother, had been watching the scene with satisfaction, and a deep sense of peace that he was really seated amongst these peaceful surroundings.

There were moments when he almost expected the landscape to vanish before his eyes and to be replaced by the arid ground and barren buildings his eyes had only so recently rested on in Germany. Once or twice he had closed his eyes and opened them suddenly. But always the same beautiful and peaceful scene had met his gaze.

It was a reality—he was truly back in England—his mother was seated beside him—the splendid grey pile of Morton Grange was not a chimera, a vision of the over-wrought brain.

Maurice had been watching the peacocks, and as he watched he had been intent, too, on the open French window that led from the dining room. At any moment Eve might appear there.

"I think it very strange of you."

Maurice became suddenly aware of his mother's voice. He moved his gaze towards her and encountered reproach in her pale blue eyes, in every line of her plump countenance.

"I am very sorry, mother," he said, "but—it is necessary that I should go."

It is quite unnecessary—his mother spoke in a tone which, in her, might have been called sharp—it would even be different if—if you were not a little lame still. It is your duty to rest here."

Mrs. Halsey suddenly sat vigorously erect. "It is your duty, Maurice," she said, solemnly, "to stay with Eve."

A dull red mounted Maurice's forehead.

"It is because of Eve," he began, then suddenly he ceased speaking.

Mrs. Halsey watched him for a moment, then drove the point of her sunshade into the ground.

"It is your duty to stay with Eve," she said, speaking with a decision which was rare with her.

"You do not understand, mother," Maurice interrupted quietly; "I must leave, and I intend leaving to-morrow." His voice softened a little as he glanced towards his mother. "I should be infinitely grateful," he said in a low voice, "if you would say no more on the subject."

"Very well," Mrs. Halsey consented, but her son knew from her tone that she was hurt.

"I will ask Eve to beg him to stay," she thought; "he will do anything she asks him."

But Eve, like Maurice, evaded the subject, and next day, despite the old lady's pleading eyes, Maurice left Morton Grange. He found an opportunity of bidding Eve good-bye when they were alone; he saw her going with a basket on her arm and a pair of scissors towards the flower garden, and followed her there.

There was still that humility in his attitude towards her which touched and distressed her at the same time.

"I have come to say good-bye," he said, standing beside her. He had been watching her for some moments, registering the scene, as it were, in his mind. He would remember her thus, think of her in her simple gown, cutting flowers and filling her basket.

On her head was a plain, wide-brimmed straw hat that shielded her from the sun. Eve had been quite unaware of his presence, and she turned towards him with a little startled gesture that was charming and that roused in Maurice a desire to take her in his arms. Not by one single act would he offend her; not by one single act would he make that day which he would live for, the day when Eve was to summon him, more distant.

They were both silent for a moment—the sweet scent of the roses hung in the air, there were masses of blossoms, a fitting background for Eve.

"I am sorry," Eve said, simply, in a low voice.

She held out a hand.

Maurice took it in his own with that air of humble reverence that Eve found increasingly embarrassing.

"Good-bye," she murmured.

He still held her hand, still looked into her face as if he would take in the smallest detail of the scene.

"I may hope?" he asked, in a low voice.

Eve bowed her head. Suddenly a lump seemed to rise in her throat.

"I am sorry," she repeated. She returned his gaze uneasily. "You need not go," she said at last, slowly.

"It is better that I should go," Maurice answered, firmly. He bent suddenly, and taking her hand in both of his he laid his face against it.

"God grant that I may live to win your love, Eve," he said, brokenly.

Eve's eyes filled with tears. A wild desire to escape, to turn and fly from the man came to her. It was too much to bear, it was unendurable. . . .

Maurice raised his head.

"Will you give me one of your flowers?" he asked. His tone was quiet now and calm.

Silently Eve selected a bloom and handed it to him. He took it, then once more he raised her hand to his lips, then turned and walked quickly towards the house.

Eve watched him with a look of deep perplexity on her face. It was impossible that she could ever love her husband—her love belonged to Peter, it was buried in her heart—but she knew that it would be her duty some future day to summon Maurice. She had given him her promise. She must keep it.

How strangely he had changed, this man who once hardly knew the meaning of the word honour. Eve was too stunned by his return to be able as yet to think things out clearly, but out of all the medley of thoughts and emotions, the passions which rent her, she clung to that one word—duty.

She felt deeply gratified for Maurice's consideration, for his thoughtfulness in leaving her. Yet she could hardly understand at times that he was really acting thus. He had told her that he loved her, and she felt instinctively that his love was a higher, better love than he would ever formerly have been capable of.

"THE LAD'S ALL RIGHT."

THIS man's whole mind had been remade, as it were, revolutionised by the horrors of war. He himself and his desires were no longer the pivot of his existence. It was strange, it was wonderful—but Eve knew that she could never love him. Long ago he had killed the girlish love that she had cherished for him—she had

slain it by his own hand. It could never exist again. That love had been as the babbling brook is to the great river sweeping towards the sea, compared to the love that was in her heart for Peter.

Nevertheless she must stamp out that greater, mightier love. And as Maurice had prayed for her love so she prayed that she might stamp the image of Peter from her heart.

Eve stood and listened as she heard the crunch of the wheels of the dogcart which bore Maurice to the station, and, as they died away in the distance an intense feeling of relief came to her.

Eve found Mrs. Halsey's air of gentle reproach a little difficult to bear. Undoubtedly the old lady was of the opinion that Eve should have prevented Maurice absenting himself. Mr. Halsey, however, expressed the opinion that his son had acted in the most sensible way.

"I hardly know the fellow," he told his wife, "he's so changed." He was silent a moment, then added: "I tell you what it is—Susan—he's become a man—that's what it is—the beggar's a man."

His wife regarded him with puzzled eyes. They were in the drawing-room just before dinner. Eve had not yet entered the room, and Mr. Halsey had been walking restlessly to and fro.

"I don't understand what you mean, William," she said, "but you always were a little hard on Maurice." Mr. Halsey laughed.

"Was I?" he asked. "And you were always a doting mother. Whatever you think, I'll tell you this—when Maurice went out there—he made a gesture with his arm—he was no good—but things out there have made a man of him. I wasn't proud of him before, but am proud of him now."

"You ought not to speak to me like that," said his wife reproachfully, and I don't often say things, but I think Eve ought to have prevented his going away from here now."

Her husband turned suddenly upon her. "Look here," he said, almost roughly, "no interference with those two young people—understand?"

"I understand," Mrs. Halsey uttered the words stiffly.

Those two—Maurice and Eve—"went on her husband, "those two, have got to work on their own salvation—see?" He was silent a minute, then added, half to himself: "But they're all right—the lad's all right . . . now."

Don't miss to-morrow's fine instalment



In Your Search for Beauty

always remember that Ven-Yusa, the novel oxygen face cream, is your best aid.

Ven-Yusa is specially designed to benefit the skin, and acts in quite a novel and exclusive way. Its effect is comparable with a refreshing and beautifying "oxygen bath."

Ven-Yusa thus provides in a unique fashion that natural nourishment which is necessary to preserve the youthful softness of the skin and the dainty freshness of the complexion.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream.

1½ a jar at all Chemists and Stores, or from C. K. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

WOMAN'S NEW ROLE AT WEDDINGS.

Many New Customs Introduced at Marriages.

TAPERS IN A FOG.

The weddings of the New Year have revealed innovations that before this war would have been considered most unusual.

Many society brides are given away by their mothers or nearest woman relative, while several war widows who have remarried have had that office performed by their fathers-in-law.

The question of child attendants becomes more and more important. A dozen children at a recent wedding on a foggy day held aloft candelabra holding tall tapers to light the bride up, the aisle.

Flower children will be seen again to spread blossoms before the married pair as soon as blossoms can be obtained, "a society woman who is planning her daughter's wedding told *The Daily Mirror*."

If my daughter is married in the early spring we are planning a mimosa wedding in which the children will wear yellow tulle to go with the bride's golden and white brocade.

To save my bridesmaids from faintness they will carry little mauve and mother-of-pearl fans, as many summer weddings with flowers cause the attendants to faint.

Tiny parasols of our grandmothers' days are to be carried by the bridesmaids this month. Family gowns of brides from long past generations are being worn by their descendants of to-day in preference to new, modish dresses.

THE WOMAN OF 45.

What Will Splendid Middle-Aged Workers Do in Peace Time?

The saddest figure amongst demobilised women is the middle-aged woman. In hospitals, war depots, as overseer in all branches of work the middle-aged woman, who was thought of little account in her home, came into her own and showed her capabilities, quickness of brain and of organisation.

"Just Mother" in the home of nearly grown-up children became the respected head of great workrooms. "She proved a splendid worker and rose to command very quickly," that is the verdict given to *The Daily Mirror* by the head of one of London's biggest hospital requisite rooms on the woman of forty-five. "That my splendid workers should go back to a life of fancy needlework and novel reading is incredible."

What will become of these workers? Employment bureaux report that practically none are enrolling for paid work in peacetime. "I think you will find the creches 'manned' by them," the head of a voluntary service bureau reports.

ARTISTS' DIFFICULT TASK.

Woman Among Judges in "Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition.

The committee of distinguished artists, including a well-known woman artist, who are to undertake the judging of the photographs entered for *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition is now being formed.

It is hoped to be able to announce their names during the week-end.

The closing date of the competition is January 15. Photographs received later will be disqualified. The £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mirror* to Britain's most beautiful women war workers will be divided into forty-nine cash prizes, thus:

First prize	£500	Twenty prizes	each of	£10
Second prize	100	Twenty-five prizes	each of	5
Third prize	50			
Fourth prize	25			

In addition the first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France some time in the spring. The journey to Paris and back will be made in one of the famous de Havilland aeroplanes to be employed in the London-Paris Ritz to Ritz service.

All photographs must be addressed to the Beauty Competition Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 23-25, Bouverie-street, E.C.4.

"BROLLYS" GOING OUT OF FASHION?

Umbrellas for women seem to be a dying fashion. "Woman's distaste for the umbrella comes from wearing uniform, and they are discarding it," a rubber merchant told *The Daily Mirror*. "Instead, they wear sailor-like shiny machine-toes, which saves their pretty gowns far more effectively than the old raincoat and 'brolly' and a neat rubbered toque."

POLICEWOMEN TO STAY.

The Chief of the Women Police, Miss Damer Dawson, referring in an interview yesterday to the need for women police in the future, said:—"We mean to do precisely what policemen have done for women and children in pre-war days. Only we hope to do it a great deal better."

EXAMPLES OF THE 1919 MODES.



A PRETTY TURBAN.—One of the new 1919 models. It is in pale blue wool-straw, and is entirely covered with velvet daisies. It is centred with chenille.



CONTRAST.—Navy blue serge frock with embroidery in a lighter tone. Gold-coloured chiffon is introduced, and this forms a pleasing note of contrast.



A USEFUL COAT.—It is developed in navy blue and brown. The last-named shade is introduced in the narrow inserted bands which serve as trimming.



SOMETHING NEW.—The heavily-rolled brim in blue velvet is a new feature, while the wool crown in blue, black and white is very effective.

DOUBLED UP WITH INDIGESTION.

REMARKABLE CURE EFFECTED BY BISURATED MAGNESIA.

Mr. F. Kendrick, 7, Foxton-road, Salford, says: "I have suffered so severely with indigestion and stomach troubles that I frequently had to leave my work and come home to have hot flannels applied. Even this gave me little or no relief, and I was doubled up with the intense pain. I had to give up eating solid foods and take nothing but hot milk, but still I did not improve. Then my wife read how a case similar to mine had been cured by Bisurated Magnesia, and she got me a bottle from the chemist's. I felt great relief after taking the first dose, and by the time I had finished the bottle I was cured." In innumerable other cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, flatulence, catarrhal stomach, wind, etc., equally good results have been quickly obtained by the use of Bisurated Magnesia, and it is now being used in hospitals and recommended by many specialists in preference to drastic drugs and purgative medicines. The dose usually advised is half a teaspoonful of the powder form or two compressed tablets taken with a little water after meals, and either form can now be obtained from high-class chemists everywhere, the powder form costing 3s. per bottle and the tablets 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per flask. Accompanying every package is a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back, which protects users of Bisurated Magnesia against all risk of disappointment or loss.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Adv't.)

ENDS STUBBORN COUGHS IN A HURRY.

For Quick Relief This Old Home-Made Remedy Has No Equal. Easily and Cheaply Prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Parment (Double Strength), about 2s. 8d. worth. Take this home and dilute it with 1-pint of hot water, and add about two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoons of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. Breathing becomes easy, clogged nostrils open right up, the cough stops, and the tightness across the chest will soon end. It is splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or throat troubles.

Parment is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Japanese Mint and Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs. It tastes pleasant and is good for either children or adults. There is no better method of making cough medicine.—(Adv't.)

DOES RHEUMATISM BOTHER YOU?

DON'T SUFFER! GET A SMALL BOTTLE OF ST. JACOBS OIL AND OBTAIN LASTING RELIEF.

So many sufferers have found instant relief in St. Jacobs Oil that you should get a small bottle from your chemist to-day, and the moment you use it you will be free from rheumatic pain. Stop taking drugs! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing and penetrating St. Jacobs Oil directly upon the "tender spot" and instantly the pain is gone, and a delicious, comfortable feeling takes its place.

St. Jacobs Oil is also strongly recommended for Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sprains, Chest Colds, etc. Always keep it handy.



WHY BE TOO FAT

Retain your Health and Beauty and reduce your weight safely by consuming the never-failing Antipon treatment at N.O.W. It has 18 years' reputation, and is the only safe, sure, and pleasant remedy for stoutness. No change of diet, but a reduction of 5 or 10 lbs in a single day and night. Sold by Boots (580 branches), and all Chemists and Stores the world over. Price 5s. 6d. or, privately packed direct from the ANTIPON CO. (Desk 135), 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

3/- per bottle post free.

Antipon

5/- the double quantity.

ENTERED IN 'DAILY MIRROR' BEAUTY COMPETITION, WHICH HAS ONE MORE WEEK TO RUN



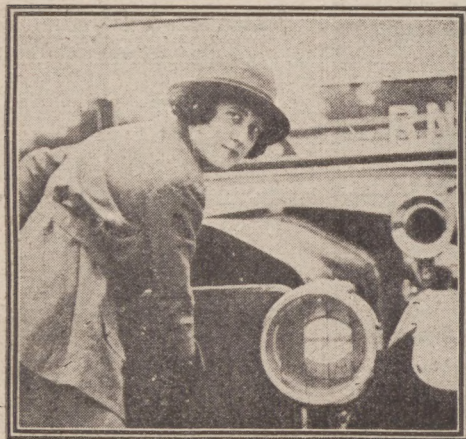
Has been engaged in poultry farming for four years.



A charming group of healthy and happy workers on the land.



Served for two years with V.A.D. at Chertsey Military Hospital.



Motor-driving seems to have a favourable effect.



A war worker with a good record of useful service.



A farm worker who does credit to her occupation.

Intending competitors for the big prizes offered in *The Daily Mirror* Women War Workers' Beauty Competition should not allow themselves to overlook the closing date,

January 15. It would be a great pity if one of them should lose a likely chance only because she had delayed just a post or so too long.



IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders march through the city after landing at the quay of Galata.

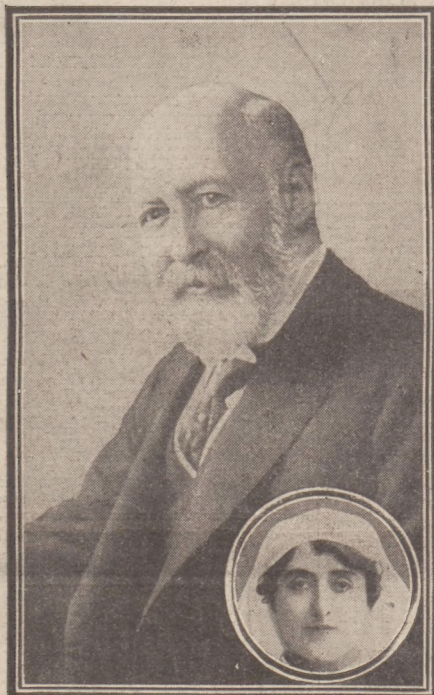


"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."—The band of H.M.S. *Superb*, the flagship of Admiral Sir A. Calthorpe, had an appreciative audience.

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, January 8, 1919.

MILLIONAIRE PEER DEAD.



Lord Michelham, who died yesterday of pneumonia. It was only announced in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that he had given a wedding present of £1,000,000 to Miss Beatrice Capel, who was married on Saturday to his son and heir, the Hon. H. A. Stern. Inset, Lady Michelham, who did excellent work during the late war and holds several decorations, including the Mons Star and the Order of Merit.



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.—General Botha, with his wife and General Lukin, photographed yesterday at the South African Non-Commissioned Officers' Club in Eaton-square.

MEN FROM SALONIKA MARCH TO THE WAR OFFICE.



Soldiers entering the Ministry of Labour to receive their demobilisation forms. There was a long queue of men.



Men who marched to the War Office yesterday. Many of them had served between three and four years.

Between 300 and 400 soldiers, many of them from Salonika, marched to the War Office yesterday to press claims for demobilisation. Men with stamped contracts were sorted out, and those with contracts in view were also detached from the main body.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



V.C.—Sergeant Horace Augustus Curtis, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for successfully attacking six enemy machine-gun crews and compelling the surrender of those who were not killed.



V.C.—Sergeant John Clarke, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for splendid bravery and initiative repeatedly shown in attacks upon strong positions held by the enemy.



V.C.—Private Alfred Wilkinson, of the Manchester Regiment, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery in carrying dispatches through heavy fire after four runners had been killed.



V.C.—Private Norman Harvey, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for repeatedly attacking enemy strong points during an advance. He inspired all, says the *Gazette*.



V.C.—Captain R. S. Judson, D.C.M., M.M., of the Auckland Regiment, New Zealand Force, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for a single-handed attack upon enemy machine-gun crews. His action saved many lives.